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THE TATLER and BYSTANDER

LONDON
MARCH 10, 1948

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VISCOUNTESS ERLEIGH is the wife of the Marquess of Reading's son and heir whom she married in 1941, and is the younger daughter of Mr. Percy Duke, of Heathcroft, Walton-on-the-Hill. Lord and Lady Erleigh have three children. The eldest, Simon, will be six in May, Anthony is two years younger and a daughter Jaqueline was born in 1946. Their home is The Old Rectory, Ifield, in Sussex. Lord Erleigh served throughout the war in the Queen's Bays, and won the M C



Some Portraits in Print

Being the lucubrations of your most obedient scribe, Mr. Gordon Becklef

MUSEUMS evoke in some people (of whom I am one) emotions so mixed as to amount to phobia.

First we are filled with a natural admiration, envy and wonder at the richness we see displayed. What wealth of artistry!

Then our gaze lights on the lengths of interminable gallery, the vast acreage of slippery floor (of all surfaces parquet is the most inhospitable) and the lack of exits, until a feeling threatens akin to that of Alice in the rabbit-hole when she "wandered all the way down one side and up the other, wondering how she was ever to get out again."

The architects of most museums seem to have engaged in a conspiracy to create awe in the visitor and never to make him feel at home.

I knew a man who went to a Private View of the Royal Academy and all the praise he seemed able to give afterwards was for some frontal elevation of a new waterworks—in Kirkcudbright, I think he said. It turned out later that this architectural exhibit was hung opposite an empty sofa seat.

Last week I found myself in a particularly awe-full museum, gazing at exhibits bearing on two of the costly things of life at the moment—women's clothes and English films. The museum was the Victoria and Albert; said to cover a dozen acres and possess a mile of galleries.

The exhibit to which I was invited covered but a hundred yards of them and was described as dealing with "British Film Art." This turned out to be the work of film designers and art directors, rather than specimens of the toupee worn by Mr. — or the false eyelashes installed on Miss — in her latest film.

It was a good show, if only because it revealed the number of artists of merit now engaged on the decorative side of our film-making: Michael Relph, Alfred Junge, Fred Pusey, John Bryan, Paul Sheriff, Roger Furse, Tom Morohan, Oliver Messel and others. It is also an illuminating show in its suggestion of the over-complicated game that film-making has become, to its cost.

An artist lavishes perhaps some fifty drawings in illustrating a film script. This is but the first stage in a long breaking-down process at the hands of model-makers, architects, draughtsmen, photographers, property men and what-have-you before the artist's original conception reaches the screen for a fleeting moment.

I remarked on this to a charming man who

was explaining how artfully the public is fooled into thinking that it sees what it does not. He smiled politely, and with old film-world hospitality pushed open a door marked "Private" and revealed a bottle.

("... and Alice found around the neck of the bottle a paper label, with the words 'DRINK ME' beautifully printed on it in large letters.")

One of the interesting exhibits on view is a coloured sketch by Walter Reimann for *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*. This film was made in 1918 and proved a turning point in film history as far as décor went, just as Griffith's "close up" of five years before had revolutionized camera work.

I saw the *Caligari* film in Paris just after the first war and was suitably impressed by its ghoulish character. The German screen was one of the first mediums to reveal that decadence which sprang from a beaten race, one which had always possessed beneath its bucolic surface such a dangerous streak.

ANYONE who remembers Berlin in the Twenties will recall evidence of this unpleasant strain. Not that the night life of Berlin was wholly unhealthy; we could do with a bit more of its best side in England to-day, and at any time, for it was cheap, it attracted the decent man and woman and it was not unamusing. But always around the corner there were warning shadows—yes, that was the name of a film, too.

Losing my way in trying to get out into Brompton Road, about a third of a mile away, led me to discover the second of the exhibitions. Most of the Victoria and Albert is still empty and in the hands of renovators but they have found space (about two acres) to show a couple of dozen charming Victorian dresses.

If I were a woman about to choose a new dress at this moment I think I would be tempted to have first a look at these models, just to get the correct balance.

One fetching little number, a walking-out dress of the nineties, is in vivid scarlet, with black lace abundant and a be-ribboned bonnet. A flippant modern designer might be tempted to christen it in *l'Es* list as "Charley's Younger Aunt," but it is a reminder of London's more colourful past, and would cause a sensation outside the Ritz to-day.

And probably will—in a couple of months' time.

Another gown, a lovely wedding dress *circa* 1848, might have been loaned by the smartest bride of the week before last, so very "modern" is its Victorian elegance. Yes, an interesting display, and not enough of it to provoke indigestion.

I think that is the lesson which post-war conditions are imposing on museums of the future: more specialized displays—a score of *objets d'art*, not a thousand and one which defy assimilation by any layman.

ALBERT, Duke of Saxony, Prince of Coburg and Gotha, introduced into English life a typically Teutonic love for the broodingnagian. Some of us seem under the vague impression that everything is much bigger to-day than it used to be, but a careful survey of London will show that this is not so. That vast Victoria and Albert Museum! That capacious Albert Hall that looks as if it had been modelled on a corpulent lady in a crinoline! Those high-ceilinged bedrooms in the old hotels compared with the box-and-a-bath offered in "modern" hotels!

An Englishman who has reached years of indiscretion was remarking the other evening on what he thought to be the biggest change in the social mind of the English during the past sixty years or so. "It is in our attitude to foreigners," he said.

"When I was a young man I was taught, by parental example, to regard all foreigners as objects not only of suspicion, but of pity and even scorn. Nowadays we cherish and coddle the foreigner to the point of worship, we look after him with tenderness. I suppose it is a healthy and civilized sign, still. . . ."

I questioned whether he was correct. Britain has always welcomed, and often benefited from, the exiled craftsmen from other lands, even before the Huguenots.

"What about the Rothschilds and the Barings and the Lazards and the d'Erlangers?" I asked, "Surely in the mid-Victorian decades you are talking about there was an enormous invasion from the Continent—such as the Mondes, most of them soon to be ennobled. What about the Astors?"

"Ah!" was the reply. "All those came with money in their pockets or represented money.



Besides, there were not so many of them. You know, before the war, I used to say to my grandson, 'If I were you I would go away to Hungary, get nationalised and change my name, and then come back to England—to certain fame and fortune, my boy.'"

I PASSED by the Achilles statue in the Park at Hyde Park Corner just after noon on a Sunday—the one on which February went out like a lamb. My companion said: "Look, just from here, it's the *An Ideal Husband* film, with all the carriages going down Rotten Row."

There were no carriages, of course (only two fat men bouncing about on the backs of the livery stable's pride), and I fancy that Korda in making *An Ideal Husband* indulged in a little artistic licence, or alteration of perspective. The only carriages allowed by tradition to go down the Row are those of the Sovereign and. I think, the Duke of St. Albans.

And "Church Parade" in the "fashionable" districts of London has also somewhat changed its character, especially during the recent non-basic weeks. The social historian must take note of a hundred and one little public houses, once patronized by grooms and footmen, now crowded to the doors on a late Sunday morning with a collection of disinherited racing-car drivers, disgruntled golfers, pouting beauties who would dearly like to be in the south of France just now (who wouldn't?) and a motley collection of men and women in sporting tweeds and scarves who look as if they had just come in from the butts.

London in 1948!

LAST week, walking through Smith Square in Westminster, I went through the cloisters into the Abbey. I have never been an admirer of that venerable building, finding it too suggestive of damp, darkness and tombs. But the noon sunshine was streaming through the high windows and I crossed the transept and walked up into the Henry VII chapel.

Is there any more exquisite interior in London—in England—in Europe—in the world than this Tudor masterpiece? Why hadn't I known about the beauty of this place? Several minutes had gone before I remembered the long years that it had been closed for restoration and that when I had last been there its glories were disintegrating. I recommend a visit on a sunshiny morning as the loveliest thing that London can now offer.

And then I heard a young girl just in front of me whisper to her companion: "Isn't it just like glorious Technicolor?"

In another minute, I suppose, she might have been searching for Laurence Olivier's tomb. . . .

WHERE was that other Piccadilly ghost of which I wrote the other day?

Its home is in Berkeley Square, but I must think again before I relate that story. Of "spirit" happenings in a nearby house in Charles Street, however, it is quite safe to tell.

This house was occupied in the nineteenth century by a celebrated politician and writer who had suffered a family loss and become interested in spiritualism. Friends had found a medium who claimed to have been in touch with the departed member of the family and a seance was arranged. "Are you happy, my dear?" asked the father.

"Appy, Dad, oh yes; I'm as 'appy as 'appy can be. 'Appier than I 'ave ever been. It's reel 'eaven 'ere."

"No, no no," cried the indignant father, "No daughter of mine could ever talk like that!"

And he broke up the seance and lost all interest in spiritualism for ever after. Or such was the story that Bulwer-Lytton used to tell about his evening with the "spirits."

Words Without Songs

Duet: PHLEGMATIC MY FOOT!

Last night my favourite sister died,
My house burnt down—two kids were fried—
My aunt was flattened by a lorry. . . .
ENGLISHMAN: "So sorry."

Early to-day my brother Frank
Was hanged: my wife is dead—she drank;
Six of my uncles have gone mad.
ENGLISHMAN: "Too bad."

My son, my only dear dear son—
You know, the one at Wellington—
Well, he . . . last match . . . clean bowled
. . . a duck!

ENGLISHMAN: "Good Heavens! Good
God! I say, my poor old chap! What awful
awful luck!"

—Justin Richardson



LT. JOHN MICHAEL PARKER, R.N. (retd.), who has been appointed by Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh to be their First Equerry. Lt. Parker, who is twenty-seven, is the first Australian to be appointed as an Equerry at Buckingham Palace. He served with the Duke during the war on North Sea patrols and also in the Pacific Fleet in S.E.A.C. waters



Houston Rogers

"ANNA LUCASTA" the spirited comedy with an all-coloured cast at His Majesty's Theatre, centres round the various members of a Negro family. The play is beautifully acted with Hilda Simms and Earle Hyman in the leading parts. In this scene Claire Leyba as a typical Brooklyn street-walker, tries to sell a pair of stolen binoculars to Noah the bartender (Reginald Fenderson). Of this play Anthony Cookman said: "The acting of these lightly coloured folk strikes me as refreshingly high spirited, forthright, uninhibited; it is at the same time clear, pointed and theatrically intense"

The Gossip Backstage

by
Beaumont Kent

THERE is unusual activity in operatic production. First on the list is *Lady Rohesia*, due at Sadler's Wells next Wednesday. It is the work of Antony Hopkins, the young British composer who has based the libretto on a story from the Ingoldsby Legends. It satirizes conventional opera for, beginning on a tragic note, it develops into what the composer describes as an operatic frolic. The cast will include Kate Jackson as Lady Rohesia, Rose Hill, Howell Glynn, Arnold Matters, Tom Culbert and Morgan Jones.

The composer is only twenty-seven and this is his first opera. London-born, he entered the Royal Academy of Music in 1939. He is an accomplished pianist, and most of his compositions have been for the theatre and radio.

On the following day comes a new production of Verdi's *Falstaff* at the Cambridge with Mariano Stabile as Falstaff, Daria Bayan, Emma Tegani, Mary Stewart, Stanley Pope and Agostino Lazzari. The décor is by Hein Heck and Carl Ebert is the producer. *Traviata* will be revived at Covent Garden on April 1 in a new production by Tyrone Guthrie and with décor by Sophie Fedorovitch. The cast will include Walter Midgley, Elizabeth Schwarzkopf and Carlo Silveri.

SPONSORED by the British Council, Covent Garden Ballet leaves on a ten days' tour in Holland next Thursday, and will visit The Hague, Rotterdam and Amsterdam with an extensive repertory. The orchestra will be that of the Amsterdam Concertgebouw.

NEXT production at the Lyric, Hammersmith, due on March 23, will be a revival of the Pinero farce *Dandy Dick*, which dates from 1887. It will be directed by Athene Seyler, her first venture in this direction.

When the Tennent firm toured this revival (which has a charming period setting by Cecil Beaton) in 1945, it was intended to bring it to town but the late Sydney Howard was then in failing health and the plan was abandoned. Now Denis Blakelock will be seen as the Dean and the cast will include Joan Young, Owen Reynolds and several promising young artists.

The last revival of this capital farce was at the Lyric, Hammersmith, in 1930, during the Nigel Playfair régime.

TWENTY-SEVEN years old David Greene who has had excellent notices for his performance as Saul of Tarsus in *The Vigil* at the Embassy, had a varied career before he took to the stage. Born in Dublin of Irish and Russian parentage, he began work at the age of sixteen as a newspaper reporter and spent two years in police courts reporting for London papers. During the early part of the war he was engaged as art student, bookseller, barman, furniture remover and hospital porter. Then he went to sea as deck-hand on a fishing trawler before being invalided out of the Merchant Navy.

After an amateur appearance at the Unity Theatre he became publicity manager at the Everyman, Hampstead, during a repertory season in 1941. When the company were without a leading man he stepped into the breach at short notice and his success encouraged him to take up acting as a career.

He has played in repertory at Oxford and Windsor, and in 1945 he toured India and the Far East with John Gielgud's company.

WHEN the Old Vic season ends at the beginning of June it will be followed at the New Theatre by the new Aldous Huxley play which, since I recently wrote about it, has been renamed *The Gioconda Smile*. In addition to Clive Brook and Pamela Brown the cast will include Marie Ney and Brenda Bruce. Peter Glenville is producing and a seven weeks' tour opens at Leicester on Easter Monday.

The Boltons Revue which has opened at the St. James's after a triumphant eight weeks' run at its original home (capacity 200) marks the return to active management of Mr. J. P. Mitchellhill. Ten years ago he gave up the control of the Duchess Theatre, though since then he has been chairman of the London Mask Theatre.

UNDER new management and handsomely refurbished, the Bedford, Camden Town, one of the most famous of old-time music-halls, has been turned into a home for melodrama. "We hope to make the theatre as popular as the old Lyceum," says one of the sponsors. Well, why not? I have always thought there is room in London for such a revival. Future productions include such meaty stuff as *The Gorilla*, *Frankenstein* and *Heaven and Charing Cross*, and the management, looking for new material of such a kind, invite young authors to submit their plays. "We are willing to read anything, providing it is strong drama," they say.

Paulette, which opens at the New Lindsey Theatre on Tuesday, is a comedy by E. Savage-Graham and the late Leon M. Lion, set in provincial France in the '90s. The cast includes Chili Bouchier, Oriel Ross, Jean Webster-Brough and Anthony Forwood.

Anthony Cookman

with Tom Titt

At the Theatre

"Castle Anna"
(Lyric, Hammersmith)"Burlesque"
(Princes)

THE theatre cannot be said to open its arms to distinguished novelists. At their approach it is apt to put on a "closed shop" stare and to growl out something about the need for a period of apprenticeship. Thus, unhappily, it stares, and thus it growls at Miss Elizabeth Bowen.

This novelist's proved gifts—the acute sense of motive and of character, the power of building a substantial story out of the lives of real people—are precisely those which the theatre most urgently needs. They are impressively displayed in *Castle Anna*, of which she is part author with Mr. John Perry; yet the theatre's comment on her generous offering would seem to be: the story is all very well, but it has been presented in the wrong way.

THE story describes how a dominating spinster, with a morbidly possessive passion for an old Irish country house, tricks her widowed sister-in-law into the position of having to lose the guardianship of her son if she marries again. The widow keeps her son and her place at Castle Anna only by becoming the mistress of the man she wishes to marry. He has become her unpaid steward, running her estate as well as his own.

The sister-in-law has watched them with eyes sharpened by hate, and at the coming-

of-age of the heir she reveals what she knows. She has two strongish cards with which to shock him: his mother's furtive immorality and the fact that the steward has, with his mistress's connivance, rescued his own estate from bankruptcy at the expense of Castle Anna.

Naturally the young man is shocked; but to us it is in great part a twice-told tale. He is well placed to savour the full drama of the strange story.

How much better would the play be if, for us as for him, these queer people gradually unravelled the tangled skein of their lives. It is with the coming-of-age of the heir to Castle Anna that the dramatist should have begun. Told backwards, the story would have concentrated and sharpened its natural drama which the novelist's method allows to grow steadily weaker.

Castle Anna is somewhat loosely directed, and it is unevenly cast. Mr. Arthur Sinclair, an old gentleman sadly totting up his betting losses and sighing over the perversities of fate, Miss Noya Nugent and Miss Jean St. Clair are delightful as Irish eccentrics who have little to do with the drama, but except for Mr. Richard Leech and Mr. Philip Guard, the rest of the company are plainly miscast.

Burlesque is a musical version of a popular play of 1928 in which Miss Claire Luce, then a newcomer to London, and Nelson Keys glittered together in a tough, bright, sentimental story of backstage life in a cheap American vaudeville theatre. The music slows down the action of the old play without introducing any very notable compensation, and we seemed on the first night to be hovering uneasily on the borderline between modest success and something worse. Both the sentiment and the songs seemed a little faint and tired, and neither of the principals—Mr. Bonar Colleano and Miss Marjorie Reynolds, a dazzling blonde from Hollywood—seemed quite happy. Mr. Colleano was the small-time comedian who, rising to Broadway, cannot hold his own, philandering away his wife, a stout-hearted little trouser whom he loves, and drinking himself out of his job. A spry and vital performance, vividly presenting the "drunk," somehow missed both the professional funniness and the personal pathos of the clown.

Miss Reynolds has good looks and a pleasant personality: Miss Luce's old part obviously needed something more. There was a lively chorus, but the best of the fun came from Miss Zoë Gail's sparkling soubrette, the drink-sated good companion of Mr. Sydney James, and from Mr. William Kemp's humorous sketch of the man every good chorus girl would like to meet before she dies.



"Burlesque" is a story of romance and tribulation backstage, with Zoë Gail as Masie, the pretty soubrette; Sydney James as the much-harassed manager of the burlesque show; Marjorie Reynolds as Bonny, the leading lady and devoted wife to Skid; and Bonar Colleano as Skid, the principal comedian, a comic genius who cannot keep off the bottle. William Kemp plays Harvey Howell, a cattleman, whose solid prospects attract Bonny after the uncertainties of life with Skid

Freda Bruce Lockhart

[Decorations
by Hoffmng]

At The Pictures

Mr. Deeds and the Injuns

A RECENT most untempting review in a film trade journal—where the principal object is to judge a film by its money-making prospects (“good title and star values,” “handy length,” “U” certificate) are typical assets)—lately wound up with this cold comfort: “A new American film with two top-line stars is not to be sneezed at these days anyway.”

I should not go as far as that yet. But the TAX has given American films a scarcity value they have not enjoyed since films of any kind were a novelty attraction; since, twenty-four years ago, the first shacks were being put up in Hollywood for Cecil B. De Mille's production of *The Squaw Man*. Now London's new American film is Mr. De Mille's *Unconquered*, with Gary Cooper and Paulette Goddard as its “two top-line stars.”

A pause in imports from Hollywood has undoubtedly made it easier to appreciate Hollywood's virtues. And Mr. De Mille is absolutely authentic, undiluted Hollywood, with all its absurdities, all its garish crudity, and a good share of its superlative skill in picture-making. He is also a natural showman, never afraid of making himself ridiculous, and almost always able to retrieve himself and the audience from abysmal bathos only to let everybody down again with a bump round the next bend.

NOTHING I can possibly think of has been left out of what the pompous prologue calls a page of British history; more exactly two hours and twenty minutes of Technicolor Anglo-American history on the origins of Pittsburgh while the Union Jack still flew over the Mason-Dixon line and His Majesty's American subjects celebrated the King's Birthday Ball.

There is the chivalrous Southern gentleman (Mr. Cooper) outbidding by sixpence every bid by the dubiously English trader, Garth (Howard da Silva) for the pretty bond-slave (Miss Goddard) on the boat. There is a threat to flog the spirited slave—which doesn't (thanks, presumably, to the Censor), get further than stringing her up by the wrists. There is even a bath-tub scene, trade mark of every De Mille picture; not up to the standard of the asses milk which Mr. De Mille laid on for Claudette Colbert in *The Sign of the Cross*, but a plain wooden tub in which Miss Goddard is scrubbed symbolically clean by the blacksmith's wife. All these are but trimmings like the English colonial eighteenth-century uniforms and Mr. Cooper's exquisite coats. Mr. De Mille's real business in *Unconquered* is to get back to playing Injuns as he has been doing on and off for a quarter of a century. Eighteen Indian tribes under Chief Pontiac and Chief Guyasuta rise against the colonists' westward expansion. So we have a magnificent chase through the forest where Mr. Cooper and the blacksmith save themselves by

catching a branch in mid-gallop and swinging themselves into a leafy tree to hide, before going their separate ways via the characteristically named Chestnut Ridge and Turkey Foot to Fort Pitt. The Pontiac Conspiracy is here promoted by trader Garth; a fact which allows the hero to accomplish single-handed his private vendetta, the rescue of the heroine from the Indians, and the relief of Pittsburgh by a vanguard of Black Watch pipers leading some wagon-loads of Bouquet's red-coat corpses to scare the besieging savages.

POOR Miss Goddard. Few women stars come through a De Mille film with dignity, but not since Jeanette MacDonald in the Lubitsch satires have I seen a Hollywood “topline star” made to look and sound so mercilessly silly. She is a fascinating sight, not indeed tarred and feathered, but tied to the stake awaiting scalping in tight white satin and soft chiffon negligée: an occasion for Mr. Cooper to do the old trick of outwitting the witch doctor with civilized magic in the form of a compass.

But best of all is the canoe race when hero and heroine leap into a canoe (kindly leaving two more for their pursuers): Miss Goddard seizes her paddle, asks “where to?” and sets off down the rapids with all the aplomb of the Girls' Eights at St. Winifred's, pausing only to turn round and comment flatly “we're gaining” or—as they reach the top of a dark green Niagara—“we're going over.” After lashing themselves together with a belt, over they go indeed; and with the help of another handy tree land with scientific precision in the cave beside the falls.

De Mille was never a respecter of individuals or a trafficker in realistic subtleties. He has always been a master of the broad sweep and vigorous crowded action, a virtuoso extracting new vitality from basic plots as old as most of Shakespeare's, by bold use of every traditional trick of the trade. A De Mille film is rather like a ride on a roller-coaster. We may laugh at the grotesque flatness of the bumpy passages at the bottom; but before we have time to be bored he sweeps us up again to heights as irresistibly exciting as they are surely anticipated.

A doughty pioneer himself, De Mille may never have outgrown the vulgarity of early Hollywood. Neither has he lost its gusto and grasp of the first principles of film-making. Nobody else consistently handles great crowds—regiments, Indians, cattle, crusaders, any moving mass—as dynamically as De Mille. Whereas most directors make screen spectacle static he marshals his crowds as firmly and flexibly as a good general. In *Unconquered* are many Technicolor close-ups reminiscent of overheated postcards. But De Mille in his element, defending the besieged Fort Pitt with Indians at



the very stockade and pipers marching to the drawbridge, gives us vistas as stimulating to the eye as to the pulse.

Of course in Gary Cooper, Mr. De Mille also had an exponent of screen acting technique unsurpassed by any English-speaking actor. Even in the midst of this hurly-burly, and even opposite Miss Goddard, Mr. Cooper can perform such memorable moments as his discovery of the massacred family whose house they are using: a piece of purest imaginative silent acting whose perfection may be appraised by contrast with Miss Goddard's studied reaction to the same sight a moment later.

I FOUND it a fascinating experience to see Mr. Cooper at the age, according to the reference books, of forty-six in *Unconquered* on the same day as Mr. Cooper aged thirty-four in *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*, Capra's classic male Cinderella story revived at the London Pavilion. Only the previous evening I had been disputing the assertion of an acquaintance in the film industry that pictures of that period could not stand revival because it would be such a shock to see the stars of to-day looking ten years younger.

Mr. Deeds Goes to Town triumphantly disproves that theory, at least as far as Mr. Cooper is concerned. Of course he looks twelve years younger. But how admirable, what a privilege of the screen over the stage, to be able to see a great actor's work span twelve years on the same day. Mr. Cooper's face has grown more mature but his essential integrity and assurance remain the same over the whole twelve years; and it is good that they should be there for anybody to see.

Capra's work has been much imitated by himself and others since *Mr. Deeds*. But it was the first and freshest of his Utopian world-savers. I had forgotten, too, that it was the film which gave us the words “doodling” and “pixillated”; and the superb filmcraft of the riotous court-scene where the millionaire is tried for insanity because he tries to share his millions with the poor. Whether for fun or for interest *Mr. Deeds* is very well worth seeing a third, a second, or (emphatically) a first time.

ALTOGETHER the present week shows signs of a dawning enterprise in the selection of pictures for revival. At the New Gallery, it was a bright idea to cash in on Danny Kaye's stage success by reviving *Up In Arms*. All who, like myself, have failed to get into the Palladium, will be grateful for the chance of laughing at Mr. Kaye's wonderful one-man caricature of a film, if for not much else in the picture.

In the same programme, the sentimental charm of the deer and the brash humour of Thumper the Rabbit have worn very nicely in *Bambi*; my favourite long Disney cartoon.

YOMA
SASBURGH

This celebrated Dutch dancer will appear in two performances of her own works at the Rudolph Steiner Theatre on Thursday and Friday. The solo dance recital, though a highly developed form of theatrical entertainment on the Continent, is hardly known in this country, and Miss Sasburgh, who was born in Amsterdam, is one of its most brilliant exponents. She trained under Ruth Tobi and later gained a scholarship to the Joos-Leeder School of Dance at Dartington Hall, Devonshire. During the war she was discovered by C. B. Cochran who featured her in *Big Top*. Later she appeared in *Light and Shade* and *A Night in Venice*, and in 1944-45 she was a principal with the Ballet Joos. She often dances to compositions by her husband, Clifton Parker, who has written scores for many films, including *Daughter of Darkness*.



IN THE
MARCH 1950

Photographed by Angus McBean

George Bilaukin:

AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S



H.E. Señor Jorge Carrera Andrade, the Ecuadorean Minister

POET, traveller, sociologist, reformer, whose first book appeared while he was a student of law at the University of Quito, His Excellency Señor Jorge Carrera Andrade has recently become the Ecuadorean Minister in London. Ecuador is the Pacific Ocean Republic that supplied Great Britain with balsa wood for making Mosquitoes. (The lightest balsa weighs about half of the same bulk of cork, and is reputed to be half as strong as spruce.)

His Excellency is considered by many authorities to be South America's most eminent poet. Director of a literary magazine at fifteen, author at nineteen, he resigned from diplomacy when he felt that his Government was anti-democratic. Of considerable height, with powerful, square shoulders, the Minister walks with resolution. The eyes, deep-set, dark brown, may be a dreamer's, but proof of his power to turn dreams into reality is the fact that he has seen his much-praised volumes of verse published in about twelve countries. And he is not yet forty-five.

SON of a notable Chief Justice of Ecuador, Andrade left Quito—one of the most charming and unspoilt cities in America, hidden in a valley 9500 ft. above sea-level—for France and Germany. He travelled in 1928 to Russia, then worked as a bookshop assistant in Marseilles. In Berlin he helped a students' organisation as secretary. He crossed to Spain, where he published his first book of poems in Europe. He lived on his earnings, receiving no aid from home.

Returning to Ecuador, he stayed there six years, and ended by being Secretary of the Congress. In 1934 he entered diplomacy, becoming Consul in Paita, Peru. Thence he was moved to Le Havre. He read and wrote early in the mornings, then worked in his office from 10 a.m. Books of his poems were published in France and Spain. Now another world opened, for he was appointed Consul-General for Japan and China, with headquarters in Yokohama. Here Andrade found time to write books of impressions, three of which saw the light in Tokyo in 1939 and 1940. He warned his Government of the war-trends in Japan and left to become Consul-General in San Francisco.

In America Andrade wrote more volumes of poetry, which received wide acclaim, and was promoted to Venezuela. Here he ended by becoming Minister-Counsellor of Embassy. But in 1946 he left the Service, as he felt that the Government was anti-democratic, staying on to live in Caracas, where three more volumes were published. Last year he returned home and was elected Senator. In London he heads his first Mission.

Andrade says, "I like to talk with people as well as to travel, to get to know humanity."

His latest book, *Secret Country*, is a fascinating and delicate work of intimate thought, with passports for the closed territory engraved in beautiful poetry.

THE precise area occupied by Ecuador is the subject of dispute, and is given officially as twice or three times the size of the British Isles. The population of 3,000,000 includes many people of mixed race. Large portions of Quito belong to the Roman Catholic Church authorities, and the city of 160,000 residents has forty churches. The State provides free tuition in three colleges in vocal and instrumental music. The Republic's contribution to the arts of America is widely known, and modern Ecuador has abolished capital punishment and imprisonment for debt.

Reception for Senhor Villa Lobos



The Brazilian Ambassador, H.E. Senhor J. J. Moniz de Aragao, recently held a reception for Senhor Villa Lobos, the distinguished Brazilian composer, on his arrival in Britain to give a series of concerts. Here a new song by Senhor Lobos, "Big Ben," is being sung at the reception by Frederick Fuller. Behind him is the composer, with (left) the Ambassador and his son

The French Ambassador a Guest of Honour



H.E. M. Massigli, Col. Buckmaster, O.B.E., and Mme. Oakeshott at a luncheon which followed the Ambassador's unveiling of a plaque at the Institut Français, South Kensington, to those who lost their lives in the British Aid to French Patriots organisation during the war



Mme. Bemberg and Count Montalambert, who both suffered bereavement in the cause. The service, which was top secret, was commanded by Col. Buckmaster



Sir Frank Soskice, the Solicitor-General, Miss Vera Atkins, formerly an Intelligence Officer, and M. Jourdain, Director of the Lycée at the Institut Français

Priscilla in Paris

Hugo Would Smile

ON the opening day of the Turner Exhibition at the Orangerie Gallery in the Tuileries Gardens it was impossible to see the pictures for the crowd. It is true that this was one of the first public functions attended by Sir Oliver Harvey, the new British Ambassador to Paris, and everyone who had the slightest reason or excuse to do so wanted to welcome him, for he and Lady Harvey are immensely popular with big-wigs, small-wigs, curly-tops and bald pates in every walk of Parisian life.



To the French, Joseph Mallord William Turner is *le Shakespeare de l'art*, and just as the Marigny Theatre is sold out every time Jean-Louis Barrault plays Hamlet, so is the Orangerie crowded with visitors eager to gaze upon the originals of those great pictures that they have seen, hitherto, only in reproduction; at least, this was so when I paid a subsequent visit that happened to be on the first really cold, snowbound day we have had this winter. I imagine, therefore, that on fine days one would almost be obliged to queue up.

THE red carpet of gala evenings was down, the striped awning stood above it, palms in pots abounded, and the *service d'ordre* had a busy time with the would-be gate-crashers. This was the première of *Ruy Blas* at the Marignan Cinema, in the Champs Elysées, a screen play "after" the drama by Victor Hugo (printed very small) "adaptation and words" (sic) by Jean Cocteau (printed very big).

I wonder what the grand old poet and great patriot would think of his famous melodrama in verse "adapted" into terms of prose by the author of so many modern stage and screen successes. Being kindly, generous and wise, and loving beauty as he did, I imagine that Victor Hugo would enjoy the magnificent show as the beautifully photographed scenes succeeded each other before his astonished eyes. He would be thrilled by the richness of the costumes, the charm of Danielle Darrieux and the acting of Jean Marais. And if, by chance, he noticed how very small are the letters that announce his name, I think he would merely smile.

AN enchantingly romantic—and extremely *de luxe*—volume has just been published by Laurent Rombaldi that pictorially resuscitates some of the decorative horrors of the nineteenth century. At least, they were horrors when our grandparents massed them in their over-furnished, over-curtained, over-heated homes, crowding them on every fret-worked bracket, occasional table and plush-draped mantelpiece. But they are delightfully naïve and deliciously absurd, placed here and there in a modern setting and cleverly photographed by Victor Grandpierre, the famous decorator, with comments in verse by Louise de Vilmorin.

L'Écho des Fantaisies, that is limited to 250 copies, is a charming souvenir of the days of antimacassars, when bewhiskered, smoking-capped beaux kept their tobacco in jars representing a child's head of which the tasselled cap was the lid; a china boot, with rococo flowers, housed a lady's "combing" on her dressing-table, and a set of gold sewing materials—scissors, needle-case, thimble and bodkin complete—was packed into a crystal egg. Very cleverly Louise de Vilmorin has attuned her verses to the amusing futility of these bibelots.

Voilà!

● Heard in one of the big and very crowded Paris shops:

Flustered Countryman to a Shop Walker: "I've lost my wife!" — "I am so sorry, Sir!" came the commiserating reply: "You will find the funeral department in the basement!"



In the Members' Stand: Mrs. Sutton, Major Victor McCalmont, Master of the Kilkeny; Capt. Denis Baggallay, the amateur rider; Mrs. Victor McCalmont, Capt. R. D. Sutton and Mr. J. D. Mitchell

At the Leopardstown Races



Viscount Bury, son and heir of the Earl of Albemarle, with Viscountess Bury, who is a daughter of the Marquess of Londonderry



Lady Ainsworth, with Lt.-Col. the Hon. and Mrs. Herbrand Alexander, brother and sister-in-law of Field Marshal Viscount Alexander



Professor Thomas Bodkin, of Birmingham University, and Lady Robinson, widow of the late Sir Thomas Robinson, of Dublin



Mrs. Spencer Freeman, wife of the Irish breeder and racehorse owner, and Brig. R. O. Crutchley, of Naas, Co. Kildare

Pool, Dublin



Swaebe

H.R.H. Prince George of Denmark, who is Assistant Military Attaché at the Danish Embassy in London, Mr. C. Saugman, Mr. C. J. Marhaver, Mr. M. C. Dahl and Mr. Henry Mielsen dining at the Bagatelle. Prince George, who arrived in London to take up his duties last month, is a second cousin of Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

THE visit of Their Majesties, accompanied by Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh, and Princess Margaret and the Master of Elphinstone, to the London Palladium set the final seal of Royal approval on the American comedian Danny Kaye, whose season in London was such an outstanding success. Princess Elizabeth and her husband were the first of the Royal family to see the show. They told Princess Margaret, who went a few days later with a party of friends, and finally the King and Queen, hearing from both their daughters of the merriment engendered by this engaging young American, went to see for themselves—and remained to laugh.

I hear that Princess Elizabeth is taking up her old quarters at Buckingham Palace while the Court is at Windsor for Easter. This is because the flat at Kensington Palace which she and the Duke have made their home for the past two months will be reoccupied by Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, and the Earl of Athlone, who are returning to London at the end of March after their three-months holiday stay in South Africa, from which both have derived a great deal of benefit.

On Easter Monday, Lieutenant the Duke of Edinburgh moves into his new quarters at the Royal Naval College at Greenwich, where he is taking the Naval Staff College course, and residence at the Palace will make it easier for the Princess to join her husband for evening engagements which are all that he is consenting to undertake for the duration of the course. In accordance with custom, all officers joining the course, together with their instructors and lecturers, will attend a "get together" cocktail-party at the College early in April, and Princess Elizabeth has accepted an invitation to be

present with a number of other "naval wives." A question which is causing a certain amount of discussion among all ranks at Greenwich just now is that of how the Duke should be addressed. I understand that officially the correct procedure is for officers of equal or senior rank to call him Prince Philip. Junior officers and others should give him his full title as "Your Royal Highness" and refer to him as the Duke of Edinburgh. But the Duke has views of his own on such matters, and after the first week or two, he will probably be plain "Philip" to everyone in the ante-room and the mess, and just "Prince Philip" in the lecture room and on formal occasions.

The length of the staff course, which continues until mid-September, has caused the Princess and the Duke to cancel their original plan to spend the late summer in one of the small houses on the Royal estate at Balmoral. Their alternative plans are still uncertain.

THE Dowager Lady Swaythling recently gave one of her very enjoyable cocktail-parties at her house in Kensington Court, which is surely one of the most hospitable homes in England. Here, as always at Lady Swaythling's parties, were gathered together interesting people from all spheres, including diplomatists, musicians, doctors, business men and members of the Services. Some of the latter included officers of the United States Navy and Army stationed in England. Sir Geoffrey and Lady Shakespeare I met chatting to Mme. Boheman, the very chic wife of the recently-appointed Swedish Ambassador who had been lunching with Lady Shakespeare earlier in the day. The Turkish Ambassador, who told me his wife had gone to Switzerland for a month for the sun,

was chatting to the Greek Ambassador, who was also alone as Mme. Melas had a bad cold. A picturesque guest was Mme. Corea, wife of the Ceylon Government Representative, wearing her national costume. Dame Caroline Haslett, Director of the Electrical Association for Women, as well as many other enterprises, I met with Sir Henry Self and Mr. John Hacking, both important figures in the electrical world, who were accompanied by their wives; they have many busy months ahead with the coming nationalisation of electricity.

LORD and Lady Moran came early, both looking fit and well and saying how much they had enjoyed the sun during their recent short trip to Marrakeesh. Their eldest son, John, they told me, was leaving shortly for our Embassy in Istanbul. The Dowager Duchess of Grafton brought her daughter, Lady Cecilia FitzRoy. Mme. Ricardo de Labougle, wife of the Argentine Ambassador, wearing a very gay ribbon hat, was greeting many friends.

Our hostess, with her great charm and wonderful memory for faces and names, was introducing the New High Commissioner for South Africa and Mrs. Egeland to many guests. The High Commissioner and his wife are a charming and very good-looking young couple with a friendly manner and great understanding, who have quickly become very popular here, and are certain to strengthen the bond of friendship between the mother country and South Africa. A few days later I met them again at the reception the Duchess of Devonshire gave for them at the headquarters of the Victoria League, where there were many other guests from the Union.

Others I met at Lady Swaythling's were the Chinese Ambassador and Mme. Cheng Tien Hsi, the Latvian Minister with Mme. Zarine and their charming daughter, Sir George Dyson, Director of the Royal College of Music, with Lady Dyson, Lt.-Col. Thomas Haye, of the U.S. Army, and Mrs. Haye, who are living over here with their two children. He is Assistant Military Attaché. Mme. Prebensen was looking very chic in one of her favourite high beret hats, and Mrs. James Van den Bergh was with her husband, who told me he is off on a business trip to America shortly.

MANY members of the Corps Diplomatique, Cabinet Ministers, Members of both Houses of Parliament and officers from the Admiralty and War Office, were also at the very nice cocktail-party given by the Transjordan Prime Minister at the Dorchester recently. An unusual guest at one of the parties was the Speaker, the Rt. Hon. Douglas Clifton Brown, accompanied by Mrs. Clifton Brown, who was thoroughly enjoying an evening off from his duties in the House of Commons. As this party was on a Friday evening and the House had risen for the week-end, he could manage to attend. When the House is sitting the Speaker always remains within easy call, and Mrs. Clifton Brown was telling friends that these days they seldom have time to visit their home, Ruffside Hall, in Co. Durham, except during the recesses.

Mme. Rahimtoola, happily recovered from her recent attack of bronchitis, was there with the High Commissioner for Pakistan, chatting to the Ambassador for Iraq and his charming wife, who must feel proud at the success of her first exhibition of paintings in London, which H.M. the Queen visited recently.

IT was a kind thought of Mrs. Washington Singer to give a "Thank You" tea-party at the Dorchester to all those who had helped her with the bridge tournament sale and auction at the Dorchester at the end of January in aid of Lord Woolton's Fighting Fund. Mrs. Washington Singer was president of this very successful event and worked untiringly for its success with Lady Ebbisham, the chairman, and Dorina Lady Neave, the vice-president, who organised the sale. These ladies must have felt justly proud when Mrs. Washington Singer was able to hand over to Mr. O'Brien (who came to the tea-party on behalf of Lord Woolton) a cheque for £2911 9s. 3d. for the fund.

Others who helped Mrs. Washington Singer included Mrs. Northall-Laurie and the Hon. Janet Blades, who acted as hon. treasurers, Lady Boyle, Lady Monro, Lady Arthur Grosvenor, Mrs. Boland, Mrs. Neville Chamberlain, Mrs. Robert Annan, Mrs. Edith Edwards, Lady Morgan, Mrs. Seeley, Lady Fitzpatrick, Lady Curre, and Mrs. William Lennard.

A FORTHCOMING event which is also being organised in aid of Lord Woolton's Fighting Fund is the Cambridge University Conservative Association's Annual Ball to be held this year at the Dorchester on March 16th. Normally this Ball is held in Cambridge, but this year's more ambitious proposition was led by Mr. Humphrey Berkeley, chairman of the University Association, in order to raise a bigger sum for the Fund. He has the support of a young and hard-working committee, including Viscount Garnock, Mr. Doric Bosson, Mr. T. C. Hewlett and Miss Genifer Bromley-Martin, who have planned to make it a really enjoyable evening. Mr. Kenneth Pickthorn, Mr. Alfred Bosson, and several other Members of Parliament are bringing parties. Double tickets, which cost 4 guineas, can be obtained from Viscount Garnock, Magdalene College, Cambridge.

THERE was a charmingly informal party at the headquarters of the National Association of Girls' Clubs and Mixed Clubs in Devonshire Street when the chairman, Mrs. Walter Elliot, entertained the High Commissioner for South Africa and Mrs. Egeland to tea, also the heads of many clubs all over Great Britain

and helpers from all parts of the country. After tea Mrs. Elliot made an excellent short speech when she expressed on behalf of the Association their very real thanks for the wonderfully generous gift from the Union of South Africa of £95,000 to provide four international holiday houses for youth in Great Britain. Of this sum £20,000 is to go to equip the house, and build a swimming-pool at Avon Tyrrel, the lovely home of Lord Manners in the New Forest, which he gave to the Association last year for a holiday house. The remaining £75,000 is to open three additional houses, one in Scotland, one in Wales and one in the North of England.

I would like to say that so far the Association has not found a suitable house in any of these districts, and if anyone finds taxation too high to keep up their home and would like to give a suitable house to this Association, which does so much to help young people all over the country, do please get in touch with Mrs. Walter Elliot, and then the South African gift can be used, as it is being done in Hampshire, to equip and get the house going.

THESE clubs have a membership of 140,000 boys and girls between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one all over the country, and as Mr. Egeland said in his reply, he hoped the Association would be able to achieve its ambitions and plans for enlarging the scope and activities of this valuable training-ground of democracy where the spirit of self-government is encouraged, and where members are taught to play their part in running the vast organisation, and to abide by the majority decision. He hoped,



The Marquess and Marchioness of Tavistock (he is heir to the Duke of Bedford) at Ciro's. They are planning to live in South Africa for the next few years with their children

too, that the development of these holiday houses in Great Britain would make it possible for youth from different environments to get together and learn each other's point of view, and that in time it would extend to "getting together" with the youth of other countries. The clubs are already affiliated with youth clubs in the Transvaal, Denmark and Canada, and during last year had members of forty different nationalities, including quite a number of Dutch boys. The Mayor of Marylebone also spoke and said how pleased he was to have the headquarters of such a splendid Association in his borough. Baroness Ravensdale, who takes the greatest interest in this splendid youth movement, was helping Mrs. Elliot look after the guests and had a long talk with Mrs. Egeland, who wore a navy blue suit with a spotted scarf under a short fur cape.

MRS. PATRICK CROHAN received the guests at a very gay and amusing cocktail-party to celebrate the marriage of her daughter Jane to Mr. Derek Hague, only son of Sir Harry and Lady Hague, in the charming flat in Lowther Gardens where the young couple are going to make their home. The bride, who is a very pretty girl, looked lovely in a short dress of dove-grey watered silk woven with silver lovers' knots and made with the very New Look; she had a spray of white orchids pinned on her shoulder.



The Hon. Mrs. Brinsley Plunket, who has been over from Ireland staying in London for a few weeks, at Ciro's with Mr. P. B. Warburg, Personal Assistant to the American Ambassador in London

Sir Egerton and Lady Hamond-Graeme, whom I saw chatting to the bridegroom's parents came to wish the bride and bridegroom every happiness, as did Mrs. Edmund Tennyson-d'Eyncourt, the bride's grandmother, Doris Lady Orr-Lewis, and Mr. and Mrs. Jock Stewart.

There were several brother officers of the bridegroom from the Scots Guards and many attractive young marrieds, including Mrs. Benjamin Welles, looking very lovely in a mink coat over her dress and talking to Lord Hesketh, who had been best man. Mr. Benjamin Welles, who is now working on an American paper here, was, however, not able to get away in time for the party. Mrs. Paul Ritchie, very attractive in emerald green, was the centre of a group of friends, Lady Rendlesham, who had just returned from Paris, where she had been to see the spring collections, was accompanied by Lord Rendlesham, and Mr. Douglas Shankland was escorting his wife, who told me she was looking forward to the return of her parents, the Hon. George and Mrs. Akers Douglas, from their trip to South America on the Andes.

Mr. Ralph Harbord, just back from St. Moritz, found his friends eager to hear news of the Olympic Winter Sports. Others at the party included H.M. the King's Assistant Private Secretary, Major Edward Ford; Lady Shakespeare's very attractive married daughter, Mrs. Mackenzie, wearing a very chic new-length black taffeta dress, Mr. and Mrs. Desmond Chichester, Mr. Patrick Matthews, Capt. and Mrs. Ian Calvocoressi, Mr. Bill Linnit with his wife, and Mr. Derek Hall-Caine.

I HAVE news from South Africa, this time from the musical world, about that courageous and plucky singer, Beryl Sleigh, who, though blinded in one of the London blitzes, continues her musical career. She has recently been on a concert tour in South Africa, where she was a tremendous success, and was given a wonderful reception when she made her first appearance in Cape Town. There she sang songs and ballads which included Gluck's *Divinities du Styx* and Richardson's appealing little *Greensleeves*. The South Africans were greatly impressed with her lovely soprano voice and perfect diction.

She then went on to Johannesburg, where she sang with the Johannesburg City Orchestra conducted by Warwick Braithwaite, when she chose the soprano aria from *Samson and Delilah*, by Saint-Saëns, and *None But the Weary Heart*, by Tchaikovsky; here again she had another rapturous reception. From here she went on to sing at Durban.

During this tour Miss Sleigh, who was accompanied by her friend and accompanist, Miss Dorene Furness, made many broadcasts, including a fifteen-minute song recital. This fair, attractive singer and her accompanist went out to South Africa with Sir Ian and Lady Fraser, travelling by cargo-boat; it was, she said, a pleasant and comfortable voyage.

With her return to England I know everyone will wish her every success in her forthcoming engagements and her musical career.



MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S YOUNGEST GRANDCHILD was born on the twelfth of last month and is the son of Capt. and Mrs. Christopher Soames. Mrs. Soames was formerly Miss Mary Churchill, the youngest of Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill's three daughters. Mother and child are seen at Westerham, where the Soames's live in a small red brick farmhouse on the Churchill estate. Capt. Soames, who left the Army owing to ill-health, is now managing his father-in-law's three farms adjoining Westerham

The Horse and Hound Ball

For the British Show Jumping Association's Fund for the Olympic Games



Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Baker and Mr. Summerhayes were all enjoying themselves at the ball, which was held at the Park Lane Hotel



Having some refreshment between dances were Miss Anne Dibble and Major Kenneth Clarke. Representatives from packs all over the country were present



Capt. Peter Dugdale and the Hon. Clare Beckett, who is Lord Grimthorpe's only daughter



Major and Mrs. Derek Evatt, who live at Harewood, Sussex, were also among the guests



Mr. V. Sigley, who lives at Hazelhurst, and Miss P. Sigley, who comes from Congleton, Cheshire



Mr. Nigel Bailey and Lady Elizabeth Oldfield, who is the Earl and Countess of Dunmore's younger daughter



Mr. Ryley, of the Atherstone South, competing in the horn competition



Miss G. Waters, of the Essex Hunt, was another of the competitors



Mr. Allan, of the Surrey Union Hunt, which has its headquarters at Ockley



Mrs. Whitehead, of the Monmouthshire, who was joint-winner of the contest

Self-Profile

Ralph Lynn

"I would live every moment of my life again from my youth, when poverty was a daily companion."

by *Ralph Lynn*



Drawing by Youngman Carter

My elder brother Hastings, concerned about the future of his youngest brother who wasn't terribly good at games, although he could swim and wasn't too bad at boxing, had failed for the Army and contributed nothing to the upkeep of a mother left widowed when he was six years of age, decided that he must do something for the gangling youth who didn't show any aptitude to do anything for himself.

Hastings had been on the boards for some years under a fine old touring manager named Henry Dundas, and, having been refused a rise, pleaded with him to take his seventeen-years-old brother into the company. Very few weeks had passed before Dundas called my brother aside and said, "Hastings Lynn—what a very bad bargain you have struck with me. Your brother is hopeless!"

My stage debut had been made at Wigan in 1900. The play was *The King of Terrors*, a melodrama of classic vintage, even to a child dying in the snow. We were stranded the first week. The manager had, with traditional foresight, decamped with the takings of about £40. We wired to a Mr. Quigley of the Grand Theatre, Cardiff—our next date—asking if he would pay our fares to Cardiff. He sent us the money, and to this generous man I indirectly owe the greatest laugh I have ever had in the theatre.

Our manager, at loose in the country with our salaries, had played the part of an admiral in this stirring melodrama. As I was doing walk-ons and wouldn't be missed, I was called upon to play the part. I wore a wig which I bought from a pantomime comedian. It was a pantaloons wig with a polished bald crown and hair at the sides, in which the Sparrow could have knocked off Cock Robin without fear of detection. My big and only scene was presiding at a court-martial in which I sentenced the unlucky offender to death. The manager was a mammoth of a man and his uniform would have fitted a hippopotamus. My entrance aroused such laughter that I can hear it until this day. When I took my hat off to give sentence every man, woman and child shrieked with such hilarity that I vowed I would end my stage career there and then. I didn't; but that experience taught me very early in life the idiocy of playing a part for which you are entirely unsuited.

Unrealised Asset

ISUPPOSE most youngsters in the first flush of youth are apt to rely a little too selfishly on the prospect of being mentioned in the will of an elderly relative—if they have one. Our great-aunt was Eliza Lynn Lynton, the novelist, a white-haired old lady, hard as iron, with an

indomitable will. She kicked up hell when my three brothers went on the stage, and burst forth again when I, the youngest of the family, followed suit because I had no other alternative. To my mother she wrote, "How dare you allow your sons to drag the name of Lynn through the mire. I would rather they were railway porters." With a disregard for the future, I wrote back and said, "It is very difficult to become a railway porter."

My father was her pride and joy. I, alas, was not. The gulf of the years between her and my brothers was too great to bridge. She left the sum of £18,000, but to my brothers and myself £250 each. I had subbed on the amount beforehand, but even so, I was able to buy myself some decent clothes out of what remained.

After a certain tour of twenty weeks, I found myself without a job. I wrote a sketch called "Twopence a Minute," with four characters, got a date at a Kilburn music-hall, and for myself and company received £10 a week. Out of the £10 I had to pay the cast £7 and £1 to the agent who booked the sketch. Out of the remaining £2 I had to tip the stage manager and doorkeeper and, ironically enough, give the impression that I was a clever, coming comedian.

Fortunately, an American manager was in front one night. B. A. Rolph was at one time partner of Jesse Lasky of film fame. By a merciful providence he stayed on to see my sketch and sent a message round to my dressing-room saying he'd like to see me. He asked if I'd like to go to the United States, but not with the sketch, just myself. In two weeks' time I was on board en route for New York with fare paid and a contract at £12.10s. a week for three months. I stayed for four and a half years, returning to England and bringing my brother Basil out with me during that time.

That Famous Monocle

MAY I confess that, having always admired G. P. Huntley, I adopted a monocle.

I had a blond wig made for me, parted in the middle, and attempted to make the grade as a dude or silly-ass type with an idiotic guffaw which makes me quite sick to recall. In Leamington one day I saw a comedian doing the same style of silly-ass character, fair wig, guffaw and all. I was nauseated, and vowed that I would be myself. I had an enchanting time in the States. People were wonderful to me and I made hosts of friends.

Sir Alfred Butt brought me back to London to play in *By Jingo* with Mabel Russell and Unity Moore at the Empire. Contracts rushed in. At the old Alhambra I was with Violet Lorraine in *Eastward Ho!* and at the Empire in *Hanky Panky* and *Topsy Turvey*.

I played the Lieutenant in *The Officers' Mess*, which drew the town in 1918 and was a really excellent show. I was with Gertie Millar in *Flora* at the Prince of Wales, which André Charlot presented; in *Just Fancy* at the Vaudeville with a host of famous young people, including Binnie Hale, who played my kid in *My Nieces* later on. From 30s. I had risen to £150 a week, and was soon to come to the memorable phase of my stage career. Leslie Henson gave me *Tons of Money* to read—a farce by Will Evans and "Valentine." He said that

unless I played the rôle of Aubrey Henry Maitland Allington he wouldn't put it on. He found all the members of that illustrious Aldwych Theatre team and the money to put the show on. His belief in the farce was immense. His was the faith from which great stage successes are born.

The Aldwych Era

AT the Aldwych, I met for the first time a hard-working and extremely likeable actor called Robertson Hare, who had accepted a job in *Tons of Money* at £10 a week. Bunny had been in the Army and hadn't found things easy on being demobbed. We were together for eleven years with Tom Walls, Yvonne Arnaud, Mary Brough and, later, Winifred Shotter. After *Tons of Money* Ben Travers, bless his heart, joined the team with farce after farce. We were a gay crowd and came to know intimately some of the thousands of people who came to see us.

Another old friend at the Aldwych was my dresser, Harry Fruin, a charming, dignified and elderly man who looked after me for eighteen years and knew my every mood. I lost a great friend when he died. Another great companion during the years at the Aldwych was my brother Sydney (he's my grandfather in *Outrageous Fortune*), who was one of the four of us to take the chance of offending great-aunt Eliza by going on the stage.

Of hobbies and pursuits I have few. My handicap at golf is 14, but I am an indifferent player. I love swimming and in my youth boxed pretty well. I am not interested in novels. My own observations of humanity interest me. The script of every show I have ever played bored me to death. After the first page I am asleep. I never know my part at rehearsals because I cannot learn from a script. My stage manager and his staff teach me my part—if they did but know it. I fumble for a line and ask them to repeat it, as though the words had slipped my memory. From their prompting I learn my part, and, to the joy of the producer, I come through a first night with flying colours. At least, I flatter myself that I do.

No Regrets

IT is wonderful to have two of my three brothers around me still and to realise that although I have been nearly fifty years on the stage, I am still regarded as the youngest of the family and in need of brotherly advice.

I would live every moment of my life again from my youth, when poverty was a daily companion. If I regret anything in the theatre it is the passing of those wonderful years when the stalls were filled with white ties and evening gowns and going to a theatre was an event.

I do not regret turning down an offer from the late Frank Curzon to manage Wyndham's Theatre, have no financial risk, but take half the profits, putting on any show I liked. Accepting would have altered the whole course of my life, but it would have meant leaving my friends at the Aldwych Theatre after only three years' association. To own all the theatres in the West End could not have compensated me for the loss of those grand years and parting from those delightful people. The success and friendship of those years are memorable.





A Busy Week for First-Nighters at the Opera and Theatre



"Family Portrait," at the Strand



Michael Rennie, the film actor, and his wife studying the programme

"Tristan and Isolde," at Covent Garden



Mr. Felix Hope-Nicholson and Miss J. Osborne were among those who heard Kirsten Flagstad

"Cockpit," at the Playhouse



Mrs. Lydiard Wilson and Lord Gifford, who is the fifth baron



Mary Clare, the actress, and Griffith Jones, best known for his work in films



Mr. A. R. Rawlinson with Miss Bridget Boland, the authoress of the play



Walter Fitzgerald, the actor, and his wife were also among the audience



The Earl of Harewood with Miss Caroline Lascelles, and Mr. D. Martyn with Mr. W. Annan



Mr. Michael Gough with Rachel Kempson, actress wife of Michael Redgrave



Eva Moore, who made her first London appearance in 1887, with her daughter, Jill Esmond



Lord and Lady Brocket arriving at the Royal Opera House



Mr. T. G. Lund, who is secretary of the Law Society, with Mrs. Lund

Swabe



Sir Oliver returns from a wintry walk round the grounds of Queen's College, of which he became a Fellow twenty years ago, at the age of twenty-two

"The Tatler" called on— OUR NEW AMBASSADOR TO WASHINGTON

Sir Oliver Shewell Franks, K.C.B., C.B.E., M.A., is a son of the very distinguished scholar, the Rev. R. S. Franks, and he himself has had a brilliant academic career, beginning with a Fellowship at Queen's College, Oxford. During the war, while still holding the Chair of Moral Philosophy at Glasgow, his achievement in working out production priorities for the Ministry of Supply was one of the most valuable of all individual contributions to the war effort. In 1946 he was appointed Provost of his old college, Queen's, and last year he became the principal architect of the Marshall Plan, on this side of the Atlantic. He is here spending a quiet evening with Lady Franks and his daughters, Caroline, eight, and Alison, three, in the drawing-room of the Provost's Residence

Photographs by Chris Ware



Student Alison, aged three, is ready to leave book-learning for a romp





Dream: "We had previously swept haughtily up the Grand Staircase . . ."

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

[Decorations
by Wysard]

Standing By ...

RIDING the tubs—a technical phrase—is no longer the racket it was, judging by the fact that those warning notices against cardsharps have been temporarily removed from the smoking-rooms of several Atlantic liners, according to a gossip.

Never having seen any of these operators in action, though once assured by a cosmopolitan wise-guy on a voyage to New York that a venerable figure named Bishop Hiram K. Boopus, of the First Methodist Church of Walamazoo, Pa., was actually Nick the Greek, we don't know how they operate. Our feeling is that they make their money out of cosmopolitan wise-guys who assure people that venerable figures like Bishop Hiram K. Boopus, etc., etc. The Clever Dicks, the Smart Alecks, the knowalls, the kibitzers, the fly boys, the hard business men who size you up unerringly in one shrewd glance—these are natural suckers, as everybody knows. Having skinned them at poker on the high seas a real Nick the Greek can hardly avoid selling these fall-guys a rubber-mine or two in Iceland.

We're not "getting at" business men; we think they look rather pathetic as they sit at their shining desks, full of importance and preyed on unceasingly by blondes and vultures of every kind. Their childlike zest for conferences is also infinitely touching, like *Peter Pan*. No offence.

Arcadia

MONTE CARLO, one gathers from a recent *Daily Telegraph* despatch, is at this moment a gilded desert haunted by a few shabby shades, with the Monégasques squatting all round on their hunkers, waiting for the absent international rich, the *rastras*, the odalisques and the hangers-on.

And not a bad way of passing the time either; though if Monte Carlo ultimately reverted to the rural Arcadia it was when that diverting rascal the composer D'Assoucy, Molière's chum, described it in the 1640's, it might be even nicer. Then as today the Grimaldi princes ruled Monaco. Though the flowers were not yet manicured, curled, and polished every morning by serfs in blue overalls, and there was as yet no rubber beach for *la haute pègre*, the huge white marble-and-gilt palace of Honoré II. de Grimaldi gave every warning, so to speak, of Casinos yet to come. The germ of the Métropole, the Hermitage, and the other ritzy caravanserais was also there, judging by D'Assoucy's reference to an inn "under the great Rock . . . so large and beautiful that the greatest King in the world might lodge there." Despite which the place was quietly enchanting.

Urge

To a birdwatcher admitting the other day in the public prints that "it is not always realised that shy birds hate being watched," one might justifiably cry "Then why the devil do you do it, cully?"

After extensive enquiries we find three main reasons why birdwatchers inflict this ordeal on shy birds:

1. A regressive libido, due to Nanny's having fanned their tiny pants too often in infancy for staring rudely;
2. Ditto, due to persecution at school for some odd or unpleasing habit;
3. The Will-To-Embarrass.

The first two are obvious. No. 3 is more subtle, being a kind of frustration-trauma, leading very shy persons to assert their ego by staring aggressively at other shy persons. They generally begin with birds and work up to women, the underlying motive being to make birds (or women) hot, confused, embarrassed, and hardly knowing where to look. From these agonies the frustrated derive great satisfaction,

also a few resounding slaps, and now and again they are run into the cooler, as you may have noted from the papers.

"What did he say when you arrested him, constable?"

"He said 'I am a birdwatcher and——'"

"One moment. I think all women present had better leave this court."

(57 women stay where they are.)

You ask why magistrates do not order psychiatric treatment more often. Our information is that it is not always realised that most shy psychiatrists hate being watched, especially on the nest.

Bromide

A READER asks our help. A woman said to him in Kensington Gardens recently: "You are not in love with me, you are in love with love." Restraining an impulse to invite the pensive fair to take a running jump into the Round Pond, he said "Ha, ha," and changed the subject. He now wants to know where that bromide about love—common to 75 per cent. of modern plays and 95 per cent. of modern novels—comes from.

We find an American authority traces it tentatively to Vassar, a wellknown women's college filled notoriously with flaming beauties. At Vassar it apparently forms part of the Applied Psychology course. But it must be older, we fancy. It sounds to us like a typical Girton crack, dating from the early 1870's, the period of Tennyson's *Princess*:

Melissa with her hand upon the lock,
A rosy blonde, and in a college gown
That clad her like an April daffodilly . . .

Afterthought

SWEET but earnest, those lillial babies were in their caps and curls and gowns. One can just hear one of them saying blushing: "But no, Pwofethor Wathbewvy, weahly! You are not in love with little me," etc., etc. This probably led to another typical Girton locution:

"Vewy well, Pwofethor, if you perthitth in thith vewy thtwange behaviour I shall wing the bell!"

Newnham, you suggest? Somerville? Even Lady Margaret Hall? We doubt if any of those floozies would really mean it.

Picaresque

TICKING off a youthful citizen, described as a public-school man and a brilliant scholar, for travelling round with a circus from choice, a country J.P. directed him to an agricultural job, thus recalling the old folksong:

BRIGGS—by Graham



"Here we are, gentlemen—and a nice drop of port you'll find that is . . ."

There were three gipsies came to my door,
When downstairs ran this a-lady, O,
One sang high and the other sang low,
And the third sang bonny bonny Biscay, O!

In the second verse the lady turns out to be a ramping Regional Inspector of Personnel (Ministry of Labour), a disagreeable surprise for those rovers.

They swore so loud and they swore so well,
They directed that Lady-O to Hell;
She gave one "ho," she gave one "hem,"
And to their surprise, directed *them*.

So, like Byron some time later, they went no more a-roving by the light of the moon, and possibly the Scholar Gipsy ended in clink or a Government glue-factory likewise. Indeed, it seems hardly credible that anyone was ever allowed to wander about the roads of England as he pleased. What about Roderick Random's regional travel-permit, G-licence, identity-card, ration-cards, unemployment insurance-card, inoculation-certificate, surveillance-report, and other essential papers? Who let Mr. Pickwick get away with it? What gave Gipsy Petulengro the wind on the heath? How did Little Nell and Grandpa dodge the secret police and the narks of five Ministries?

You mumble something about the fevered imaginations of booksy boys. We say they're *un-English*, and you can quote us.

Cure

WHY Sicily's principal bandit, Signor Turiddu Giugliano, recently proposed to President Truman, through an American journalist, that the United States should take over Sicily as the 49th State of the Union is not quite clear, unless it was a particularly hot day.

What the Americans, who have plenty of big-time bandits of their own, would gain is also not clear. Most people who have taken over Sicily have regretted it, barring the tough Normans. Heat, poverty, earthquake, fever, and natural vivacity make the Sicilian a rather awkward chap, quick on the draw, with a low flash-point, liable to explode very easily, despite a certain violent charm. As for that traditional addiction to banditry, one must remember that the Sicilian has never been taught to play cricket.

We pointed this out to an owlsh Lords-habitué with whom we were discussing Signor Giugliano in a club. He agreed heartily. It was fascinating to hear him sketch the redemption and purification of the entire Latin world by cricket. He did so at some length, but such chaps can never talk long enough for us. We hang on every word, pale and breathless as Othello listening to the tempter:

... Like to the Pontic sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont,
Even so our bloody thoughts, with violent pace
(etc.).

It's a kind of magic, and we never tire of it.

Dream

NUMBER 5 Loggia Box at the Royal Albert Hall was recently sold by auction for £2100; a defiant riposte to Auntie Times's sansculottes, who were recently howling for the blood of all Albert Hall boxholders as aristos and enemies of the People.

We dreamed shortly afterwards that we were the new owner of Box No. 5, lounging insolently over the ledge, dressed up to the nines, quizzing the mob through a gold quizzing-glass, and uttering derisive cries such as "Let 'em eat coke!" and "Down with La Belle Summer-skill!" We had previously swept haughtily up the Grand Staircase, tittering at Auntie's snarling, shaggy bravoes, warning a Marquise or two to avert her skirts from the *canaille*, and followed by a large powdered footman carrying on a silver salver a bronze allegorical group representing Privilege trampling on Democracy's bustle. Finally (we dreamed) we got a noble, selfless girl named Charlotte Corduroy to call on Auntie while Auntie was in her bath, to hand Auntie a list of suspects, and, while Auntie was poring over this, to stab her. Auntie was then buried with absurd pomp in the Abbey and, a month later, flung to the dogs.

That was our dream, and it was accompanied by exquisite music on the French horns.

EMMWOOD'S

WESTMINSTER WARBLERS (NO. 10)

If a dollar be held steadily in front of this bird, it clings, hypnotised, to its twig, and may be plucked at leisure



The Crested Dolla Digger—or Cabinet Chicken

(Dollasdont-Cumnaturalæ)

ADULT MALE: General colour above pink, inclined to "blush" a deep carmine when cornered; head feathers extremely shaggy, quaintly crested to the rear of dome; beak small and pink, oddly tufted below; mandibles smooth and rounded; body feathers sleek and plump in appearance; shanks and feet dainty, the bird being exceedingly careful as to where it places them.

HABITS: The Cabinet Chicken is a comparative newcomer to the sub-order, but on its advent showed no lack of "push" when it came to handling the older individuals. In truth it must be admitted that those older individuals gave vent to much angry feather fussing when the Cabinet Chicken took up its perch. The bird has many quaint little habits. One of the less amusing is to collect odd assortments of attractive nest-building bric-à-brac, which it

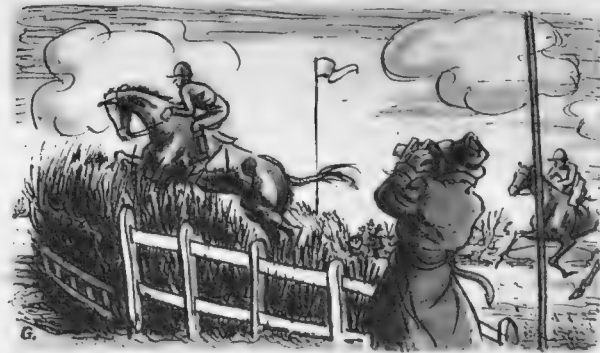
will display, with much rodomontade, under the bills of smaller birds. As these smaller birds give voice to hopeful little chirpings and make tentative endeavours to obtain some gay little object to brighten their threadbare nests, the Cabinet Chicken will swoop down, uttering its monotonous cry, a kind of "Hahatherfur-exportonli," and scoop up the bric-à-brac, which it trades with luckier birds for dollars. The latter being extremely useful for nest lining. So carnivorous is the bird, as regards dollars, that it has been known, rather improvidently, to offer many dainty morsels in exchange for that commodity, even at the expense of its own genus.

HABITATS: Mainly at Westminster, although the bird has been heard in colder climes of late. It has not been known to settle very much in the more salubrious areas of California.

Sabretache

Pictures in the Fire

"As to the prime qualities for a Grand National horse, I should place them in this order: (1) high courage; (2) balance. Size is not so important . . ."



"SUCH stuff as . . ." If anyone who has ever been addicted to that rough-and-tumble game, steeplechasing, and particularly if he has ridden a few winners, tells me that he has not only ridden in the Grand National but won it in his dreams, I just do not believe him!

Of course, everyone who has been at it has done it not once but hundreds and hundreds of times. And how clever we have been, avoiding the mistakes of all the Muttiskis we have ever seen; going exactly the right pace every yard of the way; helping the gallant Partner at every one of them; sitting as still as a mouse when he blundered through no fault of his own, but because some half-beaten brute cannoned into him three strides before that ugly one just before the Anchor Bridge, five feet of it, with a wider and deeper ditch than Becher's on the far side; given him plenty of time on that open bit before the last two, and then out-Chifneyed Sam Chifney in the great balancing act, the cæsura before the final effort in the run-in, which, incidentally, is a heck of a long one on a tiring horse, almost the same distance as it is from the start to the first fence—546 yards, to be precise.

What a magnificent job we have always made of it. Jem Mason, Black Tom Olliver, George Stevens, J. M. Richardson, Tommy Beasley, Roddy Owen, Joe Widger, Arthur Nightingall, George Williamson, Jack Anthony, Gerry Wilson, Bobbie Petre, not in it with us! Why, we could give them all 21 lbs. and a terrible beating. Did you notice the way we took a bit of a liberty with him and got clear going to the first one? How we jumped Becher's three-quarters of the way out from the inside flag and the next one about the same to make that hairpin turn at the Canal a bit easier? The few yards were well lost, for we had him beautifully balanced for Valentine's, and the three snorters that follow.

Did you likewise notice how we took ground to the front after jumping The Chair and had the water in the left-hand corner to give him the shortest road into the Country the second time? Look how we went upsides with the only one that was looking dangerous going into Becher's the second time, and carted him along all the rest of the way? Faith, there was no one could bate us! We were a lesson for the world and his wife, and we deserved to win with our toes in our boots; as, of course, we always did.

The Grand National Type

VERY sensible correspondent in our only London racing contemporary, whose name they never will let me mention, though personally I have always believed in the old tag, *palman qui meruit ferat*, has listed a number of horses which he believes are not the true type for the National and which he recommends us not to touch. I agree with him with the exception of two: Lovely Cottage and Silver Fame. One has won the National, the other looked mighty like doing it last year; both have proved that they can jump the fences and stay the distance.

As to the prime qualities for a Grand National horse, I should place them in this order: (1) high courage; (2) balance. Size is not so important, for, as history shows, some mere ponies have won it. Courage, above all. Something that looks over the top and not at the roots. And this is, of course, just as essential where the pilot is concerned. It is also so true of life. I present you with a little list in order

of merit of those which I believe are entitled to be ticketed as capable of jumping the fences: Schubert, Prince Regent, Lovely Cottage, Caughoo, Lough Conn, Silver Fame, War Risk, Bricett, Sheila's Cottage, Cloncarrig. I will not go bail for any of the rest, though people may want to add a number of other names. This list comprises only those which I consider "meet them" just as they should. It would be rather an interesting bet to have, if you could find anybody ready to lay it.

Finally, with any of the luck of the race, Silver Fame ought to win, and if there is a pair of hands that can hold Lough Conn, who may, however, have been raced a bit too much, and Caughoo has galloped himself fit, I think they are the most dangerous. It occurs to me that if we have a blizzard like the one in Grudon's year (1901), any owner or trainer who wants to do as Mr. Bletsoe did, buy a pound or two of butter and smear it into his horse's hoofs, is going to be a bit put to it under present conditions. We have got to reckon with these blizzards.

As a P.S. to this note I do not think that Happy Home will win the Gold Cup at Cheltenham, and much prefer Red April, who is a far better jumper and, I think, a better-class steeplechase horse.

Defenestration in India

IT was stated in a Sunday paper that Bishop Welldon once threatened to swish Mr. Winston Churchill during his Harrow days. To the best of my recollection and belief, when the Bishop was headmaster Mr. Churchill was well

on the way to being a subaltern in the 4th Hussars. However, about this I am not certain. The offence was something that Winston Churchill wrote in the school magazine. I think the headmaster of Harrow must have brought the slang from Eton with him, for at that centre of learning there are various methods of describing an always painful incident: swish, swipe, bash, tan! It all adds up to the same thing, and the only difference is that the first-named usually costs money and was put down in papa's bill as "extras," with no reduction for taking a quantity.

When Bishop Welldon descended upon us in India as Metropolitan, he brought some very vivid Harrow memories with him, for from his pulpit he told his congregation that he wished that he could treat them as he used to do the little boys at Harrow. This was because people fled in herds before the Bishop started to preach his sermon. He ordered the main doors of the cathedral to be locked, but this did not stop them, for there were plenty of windows reaching down quite close to the ground and the congregation still melted. He was not an attractive speaker. At that time there were four very imposing heavyweights in India: the Viceroy, Lord Curzon, who, incidentally, was at Eton with the Bishop; the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Kitchener; the Bishop, and the Chief Justice, Sir Francis Maclean, and each and every one of them provided the onlooker with quite a lot of amusement.

"The Horseman's Year 1947-8"

LT.-COL. TED LYON's second barrel is as welcome as his first; published last year, though again I complain that he has not written enough of it himself. He not only knows, but he can put it down upon paper, so it is really villainous of him to be so modest. "Clothes and the Man" is just a waste of good time by someone who knows so much more, and it is very kind of him to review various sporting books, but, personally, I want much more out of him than this.

However, no more grouching, for he has given us a good production, and amongst the foremost of his contributors is Mr. J. L. Hislop, who has done both the flat racing and the jumping. Mr. Hislop can write almost as well as he rides, which is saying quite a bit, and the only complaint I have is that there is not enough of the steeplechasing which he could have done from a most interesting personal angle.

There is one chapter with which I very much agree, "Danger Signal Ahead," by Mr. J. Wentworth-Fitzwilliam. It is about hunting and field sports in general. However, with things as they are, and more particularly as I am afraid they are going to be, one is inclined to be a very Jeremiah and say, "What can anything matter?" I feel certain only about one thing; namely, that if any of the screamers who sometimes write to me demanding that I should stop fox-hunting and the Grand National, read Wentworth-Fitzwilliam's chapter, they will be after him like a pack of wild cats, and that his life will hardly be safe. I have found it of no use telling these people that I cannot do either of the things they ask, and that they had better take their case to the M.F.H. Association or the N.H.C., because they only yell the louder.

I think I am doing the right thing in warning Mr. Fitzwilliam in case he may want to fly the country before they get their hooks into him.



Haig Thomas, the famous University boat-race coach, in his familiar fur coat on the Thames at Henley. He is coaching both the Oxford and Cambridge teams this year, and will select the best oarsmen to row against a Thames club in the final choice for an Olympic crew

Scoreboard



GOLF. Once again, let me tell you I love you . . . a thousand pardons, Professor; my stenographer's fairy fingers slipped up on the key-board; Miss Fluting, try and rise equal to your job. Back to Square C. Once again, on the subject of Preferred Lies. Why not just tell them instead of playing them?

"Ever let the fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home."—John Keats.

I once knew a man who used to begin his sentences with, "Last time I did a sixty at Hoylake," and finish them with, "So, when I had beaten Bobby Jones by eight and seven, I pointed out to him, as we walked in, the fallacies of the American style."

And why not? Tell me a less expensive and more harmless form of pleasure. I am speaking to you, Sir, in the back row there, with the rusty pince-nez and the U.N.O. tie. I knew another man who said he'd played golf with ex-King Tino of Greece on his private mountain course near Athens; and he had, too. His drive at the third hole went two miles, disappearing over a precipice into a ravine river. The ball, of course, was a floater.

ONCE more there is talk of playing no more of our old friend lack of space and amenities. There was trouble at the match there in which France so brilliantly beat Wales. Thousands broke the barriers and crowded over the touch-lines, which were already obliterated by the straw used to protect the ground from frost. What a muck-up.

But why blame the Swansea ground? What about the police? Surely there are more than eight policemen in Swansea. And why had not the Welsh Rugby Union arranged things better with the Chief Constable? Swansea ground is historic: it would be sad indeed to deprive it of Internationals. In the French match, by the way, there was a most diverting interlude when a spectator arrived on the field like a cork from a bottle and waved his arms at the Welsh forward, Tamplin. Tamplin, a Monmouthshire County policeman, acted with muscular promptitude. O demon rum, what pranks are not played in thy name?

MY old friend M. D. Lyon, Resident Magistrate in Nairobi, tells me that he aims to come home and play two matches for his county, Somerset, this summer, "if they'll have me." Lyon will be fifty in April. But he has ever snapped his fingers at time. He had the skill, but not the luck, to play for England. It would be pleasant if he could play once more against the Australians. Twenty-two years ago, at Taunton, he played a wonderful innings against them, 136 in two hours and three-quarters, 90 of his runs coming from boundaries.

Besides cricket, Lyon was a first-class lawn-tennis player; he and Percy Chapman, when undergraduates, twice beat the Cambridge first pair. With Claude Hulbert, Lyon was a star of the Cambridge "Footlights," and often provided musical numbers for London revues. Among his many gifts was not the power to endure official stupidity and pomposity. Hence his absence from amongst England Test cricketers.

BY the way, Esperanto Jones, the International Sportsman, is hoping to play cricket for England against Australia this summer. I found him in his Louis Quinze gymnasium, working on a ball that pitches by the wicket-keeper then spins on to the back of the stumps. "I am strengthening the fingers," he said, and, picking-up a red billiard ball, he squeezed it into a pentagon. "That," he laughed, "is only the start."

R.C. Robertson-Jones



The Duke of Edinburgh, who visited Twickenham to see the recent Inter-Services Rugby match between the Royal Navy and R.A.F., shaking hands with the R.N. team

The Duke of Edinburgh Watches the Navy Play the R.A.F.



The R.A.F. passing out on the break-up of a scrum. The airmen beat the sailors by sixteen points to eleven after a very closely-contested game



The Duke is introduced to the R.A.F. team. There was only a small attendance at the match, which was played in semi-blizzard conditions

Margery Allingham's

Book Reviews

"The Black Laurel"

"Beggar's Fiddle"

"Tahiti Landfall"

"The Lost Ant"

"Debuss"



Ballet of the Birds backdrop, designed by Michael Ayrton for the Covent Garden production of Purcell's "The Fairy Queen." One of the illustrations in a handsome book of the same title, dealing with every aspect of this celebrated presentation, published by John Lehmann at 21s.

PERHAPS, when once one becomes aware that one is living in history, it is safe to assume that events have become so gigantic and so close that one's view is a little out of focus. The effect of the object being out of focus is, of course, blur.

Miss Storm Jameson is a writer of great perception, precise in her pictures and very clear and delicate in line, but in her new novel, *The Black Laurel* (Macmillan; 10s. 6d.), the material is so important, so crowded and so terrible that her pen seems a fraction too fine for the task it essays.

The book presents a picture of occupied Berlin during the first summer of peace. Among the charnel-house ruins of a civilisation, the weary conquerors are struggling to recover their own souls and to plan a little for their own futures whilst attempting to administer justice to an enemy which, after five years of appearing like the Devil and all his hosts, has become, overnight, a starving woman and a dying child.

ALL the characters are good, and not one receives the space he deserves or, indeed, requires. We are introduced to a British general worried about his chances of getting a job when he is forced to retire: he has three sons and his need is urgent. We meet a senior British police official worried about his soul and a lost girl. We see a British flyer worried about the honesty of heroes, the importance of earning a decent living and his love for a nice young woman who is trying to be sophisticated. We get to know not quite enough about a British V.I.P. He has been using people for his own ends all his life, and is as hurt and pathetic as a small boy when his first kindly act goes awry. We meet a British girl who falls in love with her mother's lover, hears the truth and transfers her affection to a more suitable place. We meet a German aristocrat who would commit any crime against God or man if only he could save his family estate. We see an innocent German Jew framed for a crime he did not commit and beheaded at the order of the general, who is not perfectly certain of his guilt; and there are a legion of other characters all potentially enthralling.

Each and all of these stories would be more than enough for a novel of considerable length. There is material here for a library. No word is wasted, but no chapter is adequate, and the effect of so much humanity crowded together like the inmates of a concentration camp is to blur the reality of each individual. The over-all picture which emerges is a grey waste of confusion, despair and death in which even the happy ending of the pilot's love affair and the adoption of a child by the policeman seem futile and even unconvincing.

All the same, it is an impressive book and one dare not doubt that much of the truth is here. The author has not failed, so much as indicated an impossible task. This is a story which must be told hereafter by some browsing Tolstoy safely sheltered under his peach-tree with the view-finder of time between him and his model.

It may well be that, what with the atom bomb and one thing and another, that security is three thousand years distant. Let us pray not. Despite its hopeful ending, the present book leaves one with the impression that there is not much else we can do about it.

WHAT happens when the daughter of the "local" falls in love with a visiting musician of genius is the innocent theme of *Beggar's Fiddle*, by Freda Lingstrom (Wingate; 12s. 6d.).

Angel Mellon is the daughter of the proprietress of The Three Rooks, a small inn on the Essex salt-marshes. She has been educated, that is to say she has attended the Grammar School in the nearest town, and is, therefore, at something of a disadvantage, in the local marriage market. Her mother, a convincing country-woman, depends on her help, as the only other members of the family are an old grandmother of the immortal Buggins stamp and a terrifying idiot half-brother of Angel's called Saul.

When Miss Mellon is very nearly old, twenty-seven at least, the inn is invaded by a successful string quartet, which contains a first violin of great promise. This is Julian Tell, a sparkling Hungarian of twenty-four or so. Angel and Julian fall in love, and the story might have become more ordinary, and, alas, more likely, had not the idiot half-brother, dimly aware that it is the musician's very fine instrument which is somehow responsible for keeping the lovers apart, decided to smash it up with a hatchet. Julian comes upon the dreadful scene and faints, concussing himself and breaking his wrist.

After a very long illness, during which the

entire Mellon family do all they can to help, with a generosity and openhandedness surprising in a countryside where foreigners are not always so well received, he recovers sufficiently to marry Angel. He is hardly happy, however, and appears to be under the impression that his entire gift has vanished with his lost violin.

AT this point Fate takes a somewhat heavy hand, and one day, when all but Julian and the half-wit are out, a beggar arrives at the inn door playing a very beautiful instrument of the value of which he is entirely unaware.

Julian rifles Grandma's tin money-box, buys the fiddle and with the impulsiveness of your true artistic temperament, rushes off to London, fame and fortune.

Angel stays at home and has a son. Her husband, climbing higher and higher up the golden ladder, sends her flowers, money and, now and again, telephone messages. They never meet again. She is always prevented from leaving the inn, he is always too busy to come and see her. Oddly enough, their relations, as they say, remain cordial. The book ends with the war and, rather unexpectedly, a small anti-personnel bomb on the saltings. Angel, Grandma and Saul are saved, but as there is no mention of him, one fears that the baby is a casualty.

The story, despite its unpromising material, possesses a sweet reasonableness in the telling. And, when permitted to appear, the stinging irony and relentless common sense peculiar to the salt marshes sound an authentic note which is refreshing. Personally, I could have done without Julian and his fiddle. There is gold in them there saltings, unrefined perhaps, but splendid both to eye and ear.

RECORD OF THE WEEK

THOUGH styles in the performance of music may change, genuine artistry and showmanship must always count, and in this country we have one singer who, in his own particular line, is still in the top class. His name is Sam Browne, and he has been making gramophone records since 1922. To-day he can show anyone who may doubt his capabilities that he has a long way to go yet. To prove this, listen to him singing *I Never Loved Anyone* and *A Tree in the Meadow*, in which he is accompanied very well indeed by Bert Thompson and his Orchestra (Decca F. 8830).

His singing is effortless, his voice firm and true; he is always in tune, his diction is good, and above all his heart is in his work. Like Al Jolson, he has stood up to the passing of years, and I am sure that he will never be associated with anything shoddy or second-rate.

Robert Tredinnick.

"TAHITI LANDFALL," by William S. Stone (Sampson Low, Marston and Co.; 15s.), reads like an echo from another world, which, of course, it is. This leisurely book, illustrated with charming little pen drawings by Nicholas Mordvinoff and excellent photographs by Prudence and Igor Anziferoff Allen, is a record of day-to-day life in French Oceania. The author has a gentle humour and no apparent worries. His native friends have the manners and mentalities of very nice children, and the Europeans who have come to share their flowery paradise seem to have caught much of their care-free innocence. It is quite possible to imagine that there is another version of the story; Mr. Stone speaks regretfully of a compatriot who dislikes the island "staying on grimly to write an unpleasant book about it." And, since beauty—and, indeed, friendship—is in the eye and heart of the beholder, it may be that a more severely practical or puritanical soul must find this riotous lotus-eating wearisome or even soul-destroying. Mr. Stone, however, sees little that is not charming. He is in love with his home, and the idiosyncrasies of his neighbours strike him as entertaining rather than irritating. The result is a pleasant, restful book, rather like a lazy week-end holiday amid the sterner fiction on the list.

OF the five most painful and salutary things in the world, perhaps the overheard conversations of young people about oneself are the most devastating.

The Lost Ant, by Miriam Blanco-Fombona (Allen and Unwin; 7s. 6d.), is a first novel which possesses something of this quality. It is a brief, swiftly-moving story of a South American family in an England which only a "Young Visitor" could be ingenuous enough to discover or cruel enough to describe.

Don Alejandro de Tan Corto was born a peon in the little village of Hormiga Perdida, the "lost ant" of the title. On winning a lottery and making a lucky investment with the prize, he becomes so rich that his business genius of a wife is able to engineer a diplomatic post for him in the London of before the wars. His two beautiful daughters "marry well"; the eldest becoming a peeress. This unhappy lady might, we gather, have led the passionless and depressing life of an English aristocrat, and, indeed, did so, save for one short year spent with her husband in South America, where she was fortunate in obtaining a Latin father for her second child, whom she christened, somewhat prosaically, Edith.

On the death of her mother, brother and grandfather, Edith destroys her grandmother's life-work by deciding to enter a convent and to return to the land of her fathers.

The virtue of the book lies in the warmth and charm of the South American characters and the delightful descriptions of the South American scene. Don Alejandro in particular is alive and pathetic, and his homesickness is sometimes moving.

FINALLY we come to what is, probably, the most valuable book of the week, *Delius*, by Arthur Hutchings (Macmillan; 12s. 6d.). This critical study of the man and his work is timely, since the only performances one hears nowadays, even of the smaller pieces, come from the B.B.C. And for the big choral works one has to rely on gramophone records or memories of the 1929 Festival.

Dr. Hutchings' book reminds us that the composer was of considerable stature. Although



Mrs. Emma Tollemache, whose first volume of poems, "In the Light," has just been published by the Marloue Galleries in a limited edition at 15s., with Sir Francis Rose, Bt., who illustrated it, in his Chelsea Studio. Two of Mrs. Tollemache's daughters are married to Sir Thomas Beecham's two sons. Sir Francis is married to Dorothy Carrington, the author, daughter of the late Major-General Sir Frederick Carrington

F. J. Goodman

many of us may not agree with the writer who calls him forthrightly "a giant," at least it is good to be reminded that here is a composer who was very much more than a fabricator of exquisite trifles written while he was under the influence of cuckoos, gardens and rivers.

The first part of the book consists of a short biography, in which little that is factually new appears; Heseltine and Fenby have covered this ground with the advantage of personal knowledge and affection. But the second part, which is a critical appreciation of the works, is tremendously interesting. Set out chapter by chapter, with plenty of good quotations, the orchestral works, voices and orchestra, the operas, chamber music, and so on, are treated, one by one, to careful analysis.

Here and there one dares to disagree. For instance, it seems odd to find Dr. Hutchings harsh to the two dance rhapsodies while being

rather prodigal in praise of the two Shelley songs, but, for all his hero-worship, he is no blind partisan. When a poor work comes under review he does not mince words. For instance, of the piano concerto, "rarely," he writes, "has a great composer written such drivel . . . one has heard soldiers improvising . . . and making as good reach-me-down as Delius does write-me-down."

The last two chapters are, in effect, a review and conclusion of the composer's technical methods, and for many students they will be the most interesting in the book. Finally, there is a complete list of the published works and, more remarkable, a complete list of gramophone records which is most welcome. This is one to buy, I think.

The World's Peoples and How They Live (Odham Press; 9s. 6d.) is distinguished not only by its hundreds of excellent photographs, but also by the unusually high standard of the text which accompanies them. First-hand descriptions by such celebrated travellers as Bernard Newman and E. O. Hoppé give a genuine close-up of everyday life in distant lands, and handsomely redeem the word "foreigner" from the category of hostile abstraction. It is, indeed, hard to imagine how such a book could be better done.

In *Four Weeks in Yugoslavia* (Raphael Tuck; 8s. 6d.), George Bilainkin, *The Tatler's* diplomatic correspondent, gives a fascinating inside view of a country which, in some people's estimation, might almost be on another planet. Admirably impartial and discerning, it is clear that the Yugoslavs, both in high and low places, saw in Mr. Bilainkin a messenger of goodwill, with the result that all doors were opened to him. Among the many interviews he secured was one, of remarkable length and significance, with the supposedly inaccessible Marshal Tito—a diplomatic "scoop" of the first order. Altogether the book is a most useful contribution to the amity of nations in a world so gravely Sundered by suspicion.

J. M.

MISS ELIZABETH BOWEN, having returned from the Continent, will be resuming her reviews next week.

HUNTING NOTES



THE Hertfordshire hounds had their best day of the season from Beechwood House when a fox from Baby Wood took them at a great pace to the Golden Parsonage. After a brief check, the pack ran in front of Sir Walter Halsey's house to Grove Hill, later hunting over Highfield Park to Leverstock Green, where they were much delayed when their pilot made his way through some back gardens, and were defeated when pointing for Gorhambury. This was a great scenting day and they ran the 6-mile point to Leverstock Green in 45 minutes, very fast at times.

THE weather has been very "open" in Lincolnshire since Christmas, and the various packs have made the most of their opportunities. The Belvoir provided good sport on the day they met at Ropsley. A fox from Ropsley Rise took hounds over the country bordering on Ropsley, Humby and Boothby Graffoe to Boothby Big Wood, where hounds changed, and finally put this fox to ground in a drain behind Boothby Hall. Another, disturbed in a field of kale, did precisely the same thing, but was bolted and paid the penalty for his lack of enterprise.

The Blankney had their best day this season after meeting at Welbourn Hall. At the outset an outlier was chased to his death just outside Cockburn's

Covert, and then hounds entered upon a really brilliant gallop from Lubbock's Gorse. They ran in their best fashion for an hour and twenty minutes, during which they never touched a covert, and there was not the semblance of a check from find to finish. This fox was eventually lost, but another from Londesborough Gorse was killed in the village street of Welbourn, amidst much excitement.

The Southwold, which divided into two packs during the war—East and West—contemplate returning to their former regime, with kennels at their original headquarters at Belchford.

MR. AND MRS. SUTTON welcomed a large Old Berkeley (East) field at Atkin's Farm, Prestwood, when hounds scored two good hunts. After running an Affrides fox to Mop End, they had a woodland hunt of 80 minutes at Penn. At Shantock Hall, Col. and Mrs. de Chair entertained all comers, the best run being with a good fox from Clutterbuck's, which beat them at Fox Covert. From their meet at Chalfont St. Giles, the bitches ran well for 100 minutes on a Pollards Wood pilot, being stopped at dusk near Jordans after covering 15 miles with a 5-mile point.

At Great Westwood, the Master and Mrs. Barratt welcomed a good field, hounds hunting a Lees Wood fox to ground near Micklefield Hall, while from the

Halfway House, Chesham, meet, a grand day's sport ensued. Having found in White's Wood, the bitches killed in the open at Chesham Bois after 40 minutes, and then ran a 5-mile point with a fox from Lowndes Wood, being stopped at Devil's Den after covering at least 10 miles.

After eighteen seasons, Major Stanley Barratt is giving up the Mastership at the end of the present season.

THE Woodland Pytchley had a busy day after their recent meet at Wilbarston. An outlier found near Burgess's Gorse ran through the gorse and across the valley towards Brampton Ash, coming round left-handed back to the gorse, where he was lost. From Dingley Warren hounds ran fast to Dingley Wood and, crossing the road in the valley, bore left up the hill into Dingley Park and on to Burgess's Gorse. A Bowd Lane fox ran across the aerodrome and was marked to ground under the road amongst the aerodrome buildings. Later from Pipewell Wood there was a nice evening hunt out towards Oakley Park, hounds swinging back right-handed and being stopped short of Pipewell Wood.



THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



Kerruish—Petrie

Mr. Albert William Kerruish, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. B. Quilliam, married Miss Evelyn Rosalind Petrie, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Petrie, of Abbey Lodge, Regent's Park, London



Murray-Willis—Putnam

Mr. P. E. Murray-Willis, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Murray-Willis, of Grafton Manor, Bromsgrove, Worcestershire, married Miss K. Putnam, elder daughter of the late Mr. F. H. Putnam, of Houlton, Maine, U.S.A., and of Mrs. Madge Putnam, of Magdalen Road, Bezhill-on-Sea, Sussex



Hayward—Layard

Major Richard Hayward, only son of Major and Mrs. Cecil Hayward, of Crondle Hill, North Perrott, Crewkerne, Somerset, married Miss Stella Layard, younger daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Peter Layard, of Corton Denham House, near Sherborne, Dorset, at St. Andrew's, Corton Denham



Duke—Graham

Capt. D. A. B. Duke, Black Watch (R.H.R.), of Bearehill, Brechin, Angus, married Miss Elizabeth Heather Douglas Graham, daughter of Major-General Douglas Graham, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., and Mrs. Douglas Graham, of Spynie House, Elgin, at Spynie Parish Church



Ware—Charles

Major Thomas Stuart Ware, M.C., eldest son of the late Mr. Sidney J. Ware, and of Mrs. Ware, of Frome, Somerset, married Miss Elizabeth Edmondstone Charles, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Frank R. S. Charles and Mrs. Charles



Heaney—Oag

Major George B. Heaney, B.Sc., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Heaney, of Fingagh, Belfast, married Miss Mary McNeill Oag, only daughter of Lt.-Col. T. M. Oag, Director of Navigation to the Government of India, and Mrs. Oag, at the Church of Scotland, New Delhi

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The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Miss Cherrell Newman,
only daughter of Mr. and Mrs.
L. C. J. Newman, of Little
Staughton, Bedford, and Pem-
bridge Villas, London, who is to
marry Mr. John Patrick Guilfoyle,
only son of Dr. and Mrs. J. M.
Guilfoyle, of Perth, Western
Australia



Pearl Freeman

**Miss Penelope Binks
Reynolds**, daughter of the late
Major C. H. Reynolds, D.S.O.,
M.C. and the late Mrs. Reynolds,
who is to marry in April Dr. Peter
Pitt, younger son of the late Major
W. N. Pitt, Royal Lincolnshire
Regiment, and of Mrs. Pitt, of
Cophorne Road, Croxley Green



Miss Josephine Wright,
elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs.
T. Wright, of Wimbledon, Surrey,
who is marrying in April
Captain Malcolm James Alastair
Campbell, M.C., only son of Lt.-
Col. and Mrs. M. H. A. Campbell,
of Crowthorne, Berkshire



Navana

Miss Jean Gallatly, only daughter
of the late Mr. Harold Gallatly, M.C.,
and of Mrs. Ashwell, and step-
daughter of Mr. A. L. Ashwell, who is
to marry Flight Lieut. Noel W. Fair-
cloth, R.N.Z.A.F., only son of the
late Mr. L. M. Faircloth, and of Mrs.
Faircloth, of Dunedin, New Zealand



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**Miss Jocelyn Frances
Stephenson**, younger daughter
of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. S.
Stephenson, of Bennet Grange,
Fulwood, Sheffield, who is engaged
to Mr. David Clement Wilson,
younger son of the late Prebendary
C. E. M. Wilson, and the Hon.
Mrs. Wilson



Fayer

**Miss Margaret Elstob
Jackson**, only daughter of Mr.
and Mrs. S. C. Jackson, of
Keisley, Knutsford, Cheshire,
who is to be married in June to
Mr. Kenneth Ramsay Watson,
second son of Mr. and Mrs. A.
Watson, of Glynn Garth, Upton,
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MOTORING NOTES

From a Correspondent

MANY readers of THE TATLER who became acquainted with the jeep during war years will be interested to hear that the original makers in America of that much-praised and, at times, much-maligned vehicle, have smartened it up and added a station wagon body. This machine and one other are the only competitors of the British light car that really matter in America. One of our own light car makers is selling something like £250,000 worth of his models a month in that market. Buying food with motor cars!

MR. HENRY FORD (the younger) is reported to have said in Paris that cars of the future will have the roof only four feet from the ground. One speculates upon how the ladies will like it and what the fashion people will do about it. Shall we have a special version produced with a turret like a tank to accommodate the high hat, male or female?

MONACO *Concours d'Elegance* is being held on March 20 and one wonders whether it will have the British patronage it received in pre-war days. A surprising number of people are still going abroad and it will be interesting to hear whether Britain is going to be well represented at Monaco this time.

PERMISSION has been granted for the use of their cars by medical doctors for social and recreational purposes. This was definitely stated

recently in the House of Commons. Apparently, the underlying reason is that the cars are thus immediately available in case of emergency.

The New 1½-Litre M.G.

COMPROMISE is often a necessary conclusion at which to arrive in car design and the makers of the M.G. seem to have achieved it. When introduced to this very interesting automobile one saw a good-looking, "respectable" vehicle—"respectable," that is, as against the dashing and debonair production hitherto coming from the M.G. works. Conventional lines, and not over-much chromium plating, might lead the uninitiated to think that here is just a nice little motor car.

Excellent finish, pleasant grey body, with green wings, upholstery *en suite*, no fancy gadgets, all contribute to the effect.

But this car is a rank deceiver. Get it on the open road and there is nothing "respectable" about the performance. Other than in appearance it is not a car for a maiden aunt, but is just what one might expect from so famous a stable, and fully justifies the company's slogan "Safety Fast."

Then arose the question as to how this extremely nippy motor car would behave in traffic and narrow streets. One need not have worried and extremely light steering and very easy gear changing proved this. I am still not sure whether



The 1½-litre M.G. belies its staid appearance

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I liked it better in the country or in town. For those to whom "1½-litre" means nothing, it is a 10.97 h.p. car R.A.C. rating, 4 cyl., 4-speed and of reasonably conventional design. Independently sprung front wheels add to steering ease and effortless control. A "Jackall" jacking system is incorporated with under-bonnet control.

Lighting and electrical equipment are normal, and I specially noted the separate control switch for the fog lamp and the good parking light. The Lockheed braking system was thoroughly satisfactory. While the driving-seat is adjustable, it was not quite as "cushiony" as I would have preferred, although this is only a personal opinion.

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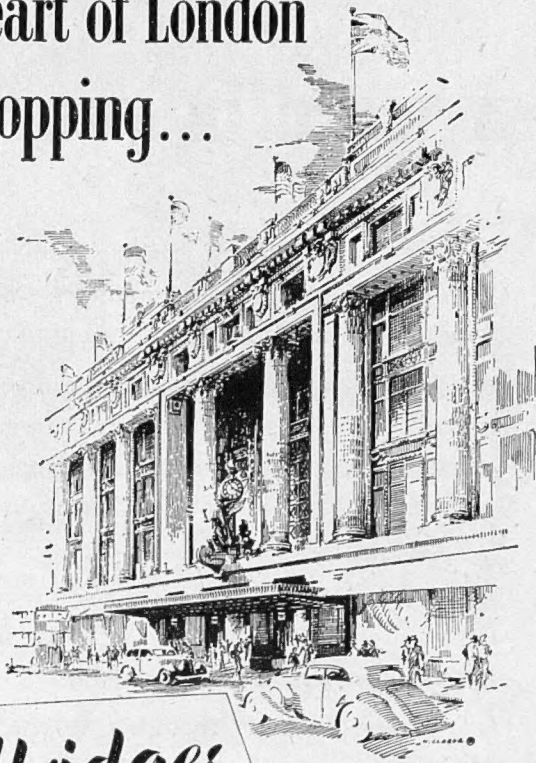


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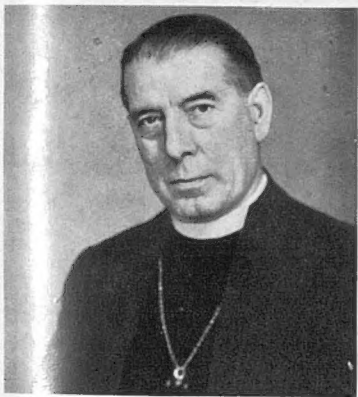
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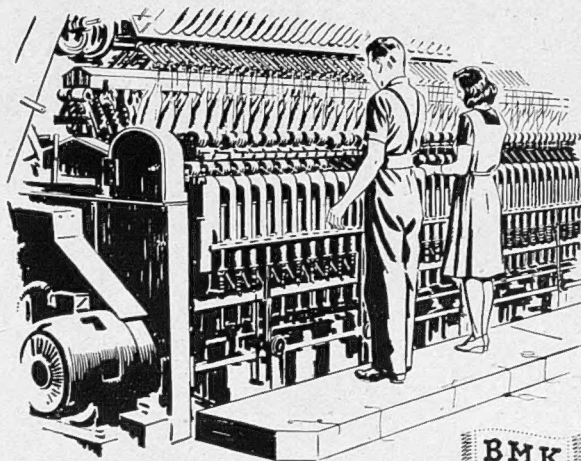
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